PRINCE BISMARCK.

V.

HIS RELATIONS WITH THE PUBLIC—SOME PERSONAL DETAILS—THE PRINCE AND THE CHILDREN—CONCLUSION.

The Prince indicated his own view clearly enough of his own way of meeting calumnies. It came out apropos of a brief discussion on the different kinds of journalism in Germany, France, England and America. Renan, I said, laid it down as a rule, which he had adopted early in life on the counsel of Bertin, Editor of the "Journal des Debats," never to contradict anything. He did not contradict the current story that the Rothschilds had paid him a million francs for the "Vie de Jesus," nor even deny the authenticity of spurious writings published under his name.

"What is that," said the Prince, "but contempt for public opinion? A writer of books like Renan, a recluse, a man who holds aloof from the world, may be able to afford himself that luxury. A statesman, a politician, cannot. Public opinion is one of the forces on which he relies. If it is corrupted, is he not to purify it? What becomes of his usefulness if he is discredited?"

He sees a good many newspapers, knows what is said of him, and has means of denying such of the countless fabrications about himself as he thinks deserve notice. The German Press has its own ideas of what is right and wrong in such matters, and its own standard of journalism. "Only printing ink on paper," was the Prince's well-known account of the matter in a speech in the Reichstag in 1888. He discussed other papers than German, but in the same tone. It may be doubted whether he is aware of the immense difference between the Press of Germany and the Press of England or America, arising in part out of national characteristics, and in greater part out of the financial independence of the more important papers in both England and the United States. While he was still at lunch, a bundle of German papers was brought in to him, all scored in blue pencil. He glanced at them, laid them down, and said nothing.

It was more interesting to see his pipe brought in: a huge machine, with a porcelain jar two feet high, in which it rested. With it came a round lacquered tray, on which was a collection of instruments, including a lead pencil some fifteen inches long, two silver paper knives in the form of daggers, both sheathed, a silver letter-opener, and others which, it presently appeared, were tobacco-stoppers, and rods for cleaning the pipe, also sheathed. All these he showed us, one after the other, remarking that he could not use quite so many at once, "but people sometimes like to give me presents and these are among them." He would not light his pipe till E. had told him she liked smoking. Then he launched again into talk with fresh zest. The talk flowed on for another hour, the Prince choosing his own topics, dismissing one with a flashing sentence, enlarging upon another, the face radiant at times, the eyes burning, and then the fire dying out to flame up again; and sometimes the cold glitter of steel came into them, and then the words cut like steel.

All the while his dogs were about him, appealing to him for the notice they did not often get except from the caress of his left hand. If he would not respond, they turned to us. They had the frank good nature of the breed, and readily put their huge heads into any friendly hand. Once the Prince tossed a biscuit to Rebecca, which she caught cleverly. His gesture, the movement of the arm, the precision, the rapidity of the act, were one more characteristic of the extraordinary man who can do nothing like other men, and who never thought it beneath him to do the least or most trivial thing as well as it could possibly be done. The dogs are magnificent creatures, one blue-black, one of a dense bluish gray color, with broad heads and amiable, piercing eyes, and that kind of powerful slouching movement which one more commonly sees behind the bars of a cage, and the gracefulness which comes from tremendous strength. The Prince and the dogs were on easy terms; his manner to them and theirs to him was charming, but you could see that discipline was maintained. At night they sleep in his bedroom.

Meantime, all the company except ourselves had slipped away, leaving the Prince to talk on to his guests. We had been two hours at table before there came a pause, and then Dr. Chrysander reappeared to suggest that it was time for the siesta which Dr. Schweninger prescribes to his patient. So, with a word of excuse and a half protest against submission, the Prince departed. We were shown to our rooms, and thence Dr. Chrysander fetched us soon after for a stroll in the forest. The forest is a real forest, of red and white beech and much other good timber, well grown, but none of very great size, and wherever we went an uncleared undergrowth: the whole seamed with roads and opening into sunny glades, clothed in a rough turf and sparkling with spring flowers. The wood is peopled with deer, of which we saw none, and there are wild boar and much other less formidable game; altogether a royal preserve. The Prince loves it, loves the trees and the stream and the shaded walk, and the views from the terrace and from the benches along the path. One which takes him by the bank and beyond the sloping meadow to the forester's house is his favorite. He walks there daily, and daily people gather in the road he has to cross, near the bridge, to see him go by. Here, in and about his home he is loved, and the love and lovers come from all over Germany as well. Not a week passes that there is not a deputation, or a band of students, or some other company of honest Germans with a true reverence for the greatest German of all. Often they arrive daily, sometimes more than one in a day. There had been 800 children the day before. There were men waiting by the bridge as we passed. The swans were waiting in their wired off demesne, a duck with her ducklings, four little bits of floating fluff, sailing by triumphantly, out of all danger from the swans; the living and visible proof of the success of those domestic polities we had heard described at luncheon.

As we wandered on, Dr. Chrysander talked to us of the Prince, of his affection for his woods, of his delight in planting trees, and in the young firs—he calls them Christmas firs; of other tastes and habits. There came, he said, 9,000 telegrams and letters on the Prince's last birthday last month; some 2,000 more than last year; which we liked to hear, and thought loyal of the Germans. Many came from other parts of the world, from other continents, from the antipodes. The presents were in great number. Each telegram, each letter, each present, is acknowledged, sooner or later, in the Prince's handwriting. I asked the excellent secretary how long this business of answering took. "We did not finish last year till September," he said. He seldom answers an ordinary letter himself; prefers using the hand of his secretary. Whoever has seen his autograph will understand that the muscular fatigue of forming the letters and words must be considerable. His handwriting, like everything else about him, is on a large scale: the signature no larger than the body of the letter. He prefers reading to writing, and reads much. E. asked about the many portraits and statues and busts which we had seen at Schonhausen and here, and wherever we went in Germany. "Oh, the Prince dislikes sitting," was the answer. "He will hardly sit even to Lenbach." And he told us how the painter comes to Friedrichsruh and has to take his chance, or watch for his opportunities: talking with the Prince and observing him as best he can. The last portrait he painted shows you such a Bismarck as you might fancy thundering at a stubborn majority in the Reichstag: full of righteous anger and stern purpose: lightnings in the eye and the mouth hard as iron. Well, the history of that portrait is this. Prince Bismarck hates crows because they are the enemies of the singing birds he loves. He and Herr Lenbach were walking in the woods when the Prince caught sight of one of these detested crows on the branch of a tree. It was his sudden glance of anger at the crow which the artist seized—one can imagine the look, fierce and even deadly, if a look could kill—and this it was which he put on paper when they got home, and the sketch became the portrait we see. It was no Socialist nor Particularist, nor human Philistine of any species, which provoked this Olympian wrath which Lenbach has fixed forever on the speaking canvas; only a crow with no love for music or for musical birds.

Our walk took us three or four miles through the forest. As we came near the house again we heard singing, and, turning into the grounds behind the house, saw Prince Bismarck and the family on the balcony, and below it a group of school children from Hamburg. They were the singers, and sang song after song. There were tables on the grass, and tea and cake and other good things for the children, and the inevitable beer for the masters and perhaps for the children too. We went up on the balcony, to which there is a flight of steps, and tea was going on there too. What I call a balcony is more like a veranda without a roof, or broad square stone terrace with stone balustrade, and room for thirty or forty persons, beside the tables and seats. This is the scene of the receptions and greetings which occur so often, and here, at any rate, you are remote enough from the outer world—nothing but the house, which incloses two sides of the grounds, and the trees with every tint of spring green against the dark firs, and flowing stream, and the sloping meadow and woods and blue sky—blue with a black thundercloud coming up. The Prince had completed his costume with a black soft felt hat, with sugar-loaf top and broad brim, and carried a stick on which he leaned a little as he walked. He might not care much for the songs—it is the music of birds he cares for, and he pretends to like the organ in the sitting-room—a mechanical organ: likes it because, as he said with quaint kindness, it is good exercise for the Princess. But the good little German boys and girls went on singing in good faith, and the Prince listened and stood at the balustrade looking down with a softened face and friendly eyes at his young admirers. The songs ceased after a while and one of the masters made a little speech, asking his pupils to notice the beauty of the spring and its foliage, and telling them that if they had a fatherland in which they might peacefully enjoy its beauty, they owed it to the great man who stood there on the terrace. The little creatures cheered with their shrill voices with right good will, again and again. Then Prince Bismarck, instead of saying a word or two formally and stiffly from his platform above their little heads, went down the steps, and stood among them, and put his hand on those nearest him, and said simply: "I thank you very much, my dear children, and your teachers for coming here and singing to me. And I hope you won't get wet going home." The heavy drops were already falling and away went the children. But of rain there was almost none. The Prince thought his black, sugar-loaf, broad-brimmed hat a better protection against the rain than an umbrella; which he never carries. He never carried one in politics, either. With his hat and the huge, blue cloth coat we had seen in the hall, he defies the rain. He came up the steps again and the party sat down in groups. Dr. Schweninger had arrived, coming by train from Berlin, to see his patient, from whom he is seldom very long away. It is not that he is ill, but that he requires watching if he is to be kept in full health. He still has a little of the neuralgia which has tormented him so long. The seventy-eight years he has completed have not tamed his energy, nor does banishment from the public service mean idleness to him. I fancied from what I saw and heard, that he was likely to do too much unless hindered. A man who has, in times past, thought sixteen or eighteen hours a fair day's work, does not readily reduce his allowance to within such limits as seem sufficient to the medical mind. Dr. Schweninger thought him tired and prescribed rest, but the Prince said he would take his rest talking. A personality, this skilful physician, not tall, very dark, eyes and hair and beard jet black, the short beard so full that not much of the face was visible except the eyes, which nothing could obscure,—the eyes of a man whose business it is to find out secrets which nature, or perhaps sometimes his patient, would not disclose; with a half medical, half military manner. Seldom in this nation of soldiers is the military manner wholly wanting. With what intelligence and patient firmness and success he has devoted himself to Prince Bismarck, all the world knows. The Prince introduced us. "Here," he said with an affectionate glance at the doctor, "is the man who, if you are ill, can tell you so, and can make you well." It made one feel as if one ought to have a malady at once, in order to profit by this opportunity.

As we sat upon the open balcony and watched the clouds gather and the woods darken, it was easy to reflect that elsewhere in Germany than at Friedrichsruh there were clouds and gloom. It was an excellent opportunity for Prince Bismarck, had he been so minded, to pursue his political allegory, and broaden it, and give us a view of Germany as it may yet be, in storm and stress, and without a Pilot. But that has never been his way. He has ever preferred, though the most far-sighted of statesmen, the practical to the imaginative treatment of public affairs; nor is he the man to speak of himself as one who rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.

He watched the storm and talked of Protection; a subject on which, as on others, his opinions remain unchanged, and are known. It was Protection to Agriculture which seemed, on this occasion and later, to interest him most. The American view of Protection is not that, nor the English, though his discourse upon the distress of the German farmer and German landowner, with whom he identified himself, would have found an echo in many an English breast. But I will pass from that.

It is time to bring this long narrative to an end, or rather, I will defer the completion of it to what I hope is a distant date. I omit many incidents of a visit which was full of them, and full of a kind of interest which I find it difficult and indecorous to express to the public. What there is of the pathetic in Prince Bismarck's position is not what he would care to have dwelt on. Never once during all our conversation was there a word or look which betokened on his part any feeling that he was entitled to the sympathies of the world. He would be a bold man who should offer them to the Iron Chancellor. For of iron the old Chancellor still is. If his sternness softened at moments, it was never toward himself, and certainly never toward his enemies. You would hardly know who were his enemies but for the restraint he put upon himself in speaking of them. If he is ever to avenge himself upon them, it will not be by mere invective. There came no suggestion from him of vengeance in any form, nor need there come from others, at present. The most cruel fate one can wish to the present little Emperor is that he should some day look at his conduct to Prince Bismarck in the light of what Prince Bismarck has done for him and for Germany.

History will have its own judgment to give on these matters. It may not take much account of the prim criticisms that have been bestowed on him during his retirement. It is more likely to consider that he has fought his own fight in his own way, not yours, nor mine, nor anybody's else, but his own. He is himself, as he has ever been, adjusting his words and acts to his conception of his duty,—a high one whether right or wrong. The stream of his life flows on as it has ever flowed, "brimming, and bright, and large." The fulness and the strength of it are what they were. They were never dependent on imperial favor. They are not now. And if one may not say that there is something infinitely pathetic in his comparative solitude at Friedrichsruh, it is permissible to see in his attitude all the old dignity, and an unshaken firmness of soul.

G. W. S.

THE WORLD OF PARIS.

THE GRAND PRIX—ROYALTY ENTERTAINED—SAINT ARNAUD AND THE COUP D'ETAT—AN OLD MEN'S SHOW.

Paris, June 13.

Delightfully fine weather, not oppressively hot or dusty, rendered the Grand Prix yesterday perhaps the most successful that it has ever been my lot to witness. There was an immense gathering of the fashionable world. Circulation on the lawn and in the paddock was rendered almost impossible by the crowd, and I understand from the newspapers of to-day that the thirtieth Grand Prix has beaten all previous records as regards popular attendance and gate receipts. Baron Schickler, although a German by birth, is so much of a favorite, not only on the turf and in society here but also with the general public, that the victory of his horse Ragotsky elicited manifestations of widespread approval on the part of the spectators, the only people refusing to take part in these demonstrations being those who had laid their money on the favorite—Callistrate—which is owned jointly by the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot and M. Abeille, the brother of the man of that name who was killed under such dramatic circumstances on the Riviera a little over a year ago. Owing to the recent death of his wife, Baron Schickler was unable to be present to witness the enthusiasm which his success evoked; nor did he run his horse under his own name, but under the pseudonym of Webb. But the echoes of the cheering when the winner was declared must have almost reached his hospitable mansion in the Place Vendome, so celebrated among the leading gourmets here for the excellence of the cuisine and the wines. The density of the crowd rendered it difficult to discover the names or to examine the dresses of the members of the great world who put in an appearance, but I noticed the ex-King and ex-Queen of Naples, the Duchess of Aosta, nee Bonaparte; the Duke and Duchess de Morny, the old Duke de Rohan and the Duke and Duchess de Lorge.

Now that the Grand Prix is over, we have practically reached the limit of the Parisian season, and everybody is preparing to leave the capital, which will be almost completely deserted by the great world within the next fortnight. A fitting epilogue was furnished to this very brilliant season by the grand ball given last night by the Princess de Sagan in her magnificent house, or rather palace, in the Rue Saint Dominique. It is the finest entertainment of the kind that has been given here during the last decade. Over 2,000 guests were present. For the first time in seven years the whole of the splendid state apartments on the first floor were thrown open, while the vast grounds were converted into a perfect fairyland by the myriads of colored lights and artistic illuminations. The guest of the evening was Princess Letitia Bonaparte, who arrived at about 11:30 o'clock with her cousin, the Duke of Oporto, brother of the King of Portugal. They were received at the foot of the grand staircase by the Princess and her son, Count Boson de Talleyrand-Perigord, the entire courtyard being lighted by thousands of tiny red, white and green lamps, so arranged as to show the national colors of Italy. It was the national anthem of Italy, too, that was played by the orchestra, placed in the grand hall, as the Duchess ascended the staircase arm in arm with Count Boson de Talleyrand, followed by her hostess on the arm of the Duke of Oporto. Among other royal personages present were Prince Henry of Orleans, the reigning Prince and Princess of Monaco and the Maharajah of Kapurchala. The Dowager Queen of Portugal was expected, but sent her excuses at the last moment, having failed as yet to entirely recover from the indisposition which detained her for so many weeks at Rome after the conclusion of the silver wedding festivities of her brother, King Humbert. Shortly after midnight the dining-rooms were opened. Covers were laid on the table reserved for the royal party for eighty guests. The cotillon was conducted by the Count R. Contades with the Countess Costa de Beauregard. As usual, the favors were remarkable for their elegance and chic, consisting of beautiful hand-painted and feather fans for the women and porte-cigarettes, match-boxes, etc., for the men.

Another royal visitor whom we have here just now is the ex-King of Annam, who is staying at the Grand Hotel with his cook, a couple of servants and an officer who is responsible for his safety. Since he was deprived of his throne he has been vegetating on an allowance of about $8,000 a year from the French Government, and this, coupled with the fact that when he was first placed under arrest by his French captors he was conveyed, bound hand and foot, from his capital to Saigon, renders him the reverse of well-disposed toward the people here. In fact, he harbors much the same sentiments toward them as the Indian Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, the original owner of the world-famed Kohinoor diamond, now also a resident here, expresses with regard to his English paymasters. The ex-King of Annam's regular place of residence since his exile from his native land is in Algeria, and he is merely here for a few days, en route to Vichy, whither he has been ordered by the physicians consulted by the French Government with regard to his health.

One of the great weddings of the season has been that of the Vicomte du Mesnil du Guisson to Mlle. Berthe de Courcy, a daughter of the Baroness de Fonscollombe. The Duc de Chartres was present at the soiree du contrat, accompanied by his son, Prince Henry, and among the presents was a splendid diamond bracelet, with a large fleur de lys, the gift of the Duke. From her husband the bride received a diamond necklace, a set of diamond stars, a coupe, and some magnificent sables; from her mother a pearl necklace; from M. Pascal a comb of diamonds, emeralds and rubies; from the Vicomte de Foix a magnificent pearl necklace, and from Mme. de Saule an Erard harp, an instrument on which the bride is proficient, and which, since the revival of the fashions of 1830, is once more becoming fashionable. The ceremony was performed at the Church of Saint Clothilde, the Duc de Chartres acting as one of the witnesses for the bride, who wore a cream satin dress, with train, trimmed with old English lace, a lace veil completely covering the train. Her mother wore a Sevres-blue satin dress, changing into orange, also trimmed with old English lace, and a bonnet trimmed with geraniums, roses and yellow tulle. A grand dejeuner followed at the house of the bride's stepfather in the Rue Saint Dominique.

Society here has been much worked up during the last week by the letter addressed to the "Figaro" by the Countess de Saint Arnaud, widow of the field marshal of that name, in protest against the manner in which Victor Hugo treated her husband in the posthumous work just published by his literary executors. She denounces the poet's references to her husband's participation in the coup d'etat which placed Napoleon III on the throne as infamous calumny, and expresses the opinion that the Marshal's heroic bravery on so many fields of battle, coupled with his death while engaged in leading the French army to victory in the Crimea, should have disarmed his slanderers. In connection with this it may be said that there has always been a certain amount of doubt as to whether the Marshal did really order the firing on the populace which resulted in that immense amount of bloodshed by which the coup d'etat was stained.

The friends of the Marshal say that the massacre was due to a misunderstanding and to a misinterpretation of his orders. It is true that he had charge of the military forces here at the time of the coup d'etat, but it is asserted that he was unwilling to assume the direct responsibility of ordering the troops to fire upon the people, not being altogether certain as to the result of Napoleon's enterprise. When the moment for action arrived and the mob began to show signs of sweeping aside the troops, the brigadier-generals under his orders sent an officer to him at headquarters to ask him what they were to do—whether they were to fire on the populace or to give way. Saint Arnaud was seized at the moment when the officer called for instructions with a violent fit of coughing, which lasted for several minutes. Finally, when it ceased, the general just managed to gasp the words, "Ma sacree toux." (My cursed cough.) The officer having waited until the General had recovered his breath, repeated the question. Again, Saint Arnaud was seized with a violent fit of coughing, which terminated, as on the previous occasion, with the panting exclamation, "Ma sacree toux." The officer was no fool; he could take a hint as well as anybody else, and, saluting, he left Saint Arnaud's presence. On returning to the brigadiers and colonels who had sent him for instructions he was asked what reply Saint Arnaud had made. "The General's only words were 'Massacrez tous.'" (Massacre everybody.) These commands were obeyed to the letter, and many thousands of people were shot down and bayonetted in consequence.

A strong effort is being made to rescue from threatened demolition the old School of Medicine, situated in the Rue de la Boucherie. The faculty regards this historic building, the foundation of which dates from 1472, as the cradle of medicine in France. It is the only remaining relic of the schools forming the university of Paris, which once flourished at the base of the Montaigne St. Genevieve. It consists of an immense hall and the Winslow amphitheatre, built at the beginning of the last century. With its ancient associations and its value as an architectural monument it is felt that some steps should be taken to prevent the Municipal Council from extending their iconoclastic operations to this fine old landmark. This municipal iconoclasm is likewise apparent just at present in the Faubourg Saint Denis, where the colossal stone cross that stands in the central highway of the local cemetery has been doomed to disappear. Scaffolding has been erected around the sacred monument, and the work of removing it is already in full progress.

On July 15 next an exhibition will open in the pavilion of the City of Paris in the Champs Elysees, which can only be described as the very antithesis of the baby-show that was held there a year or two ago, and which, according to the doctors, proved of great use from a scientific point of view, furnishing the medical profession with much valuable data. The show in question is to be one of old men and women, in which foreigners as well as natives are to be allowed to compete, provided that they shall have attained the age of ninety, duly set forth in their certificates of birth and baptism. A prize will be given to the oldest competitor, one to the healthiest and strongest, and one to the person who shall give proof of the greatest amount of mental lucidity and intelligence, despite age. The jurors are to be selected from the competitors, and it is probable that the chairman of the jury will be the venerable Dr. de Boissy, who was born in April, 1793, and who has been practising medicine at Havre for seventy years. It seems that there are at least eighty genuine centenarians, most of them living in the districts bordering on the Pyrenees, the senior of this patriarchal band being a M. Rives, who, according to his duly authenticated certificate of baptism, was born just 123 years ago at Tarbes, where he still resides.

Very brilliant, and at the same time moving, was the scene witnessed at the Madeleine on Wednesday last, when the annual requiem mass took place in memory of the soldiers and sailors who died in the service of their country during the war of 1870-'71 and other campaigns. The facade of the sacred fane was profusely decorated with streaming tricolor banners suspended from the roof of the portico, and trophies of national flags were attached to the massive columns. Inside, the heavy renaissance architecture of the church was enlivened by groups of flags, and in the middle of the nave a lofty catafalque was covered with wreaths. A large number of officers in full dress were present, the military uniforms being rendered still more brilliant by the recently re-established gold and silver epaulettes. The solo parts of the mass were sung by artists of the operas, and the sermon was preached by the Dominican Father Olivier. A large crowd of people gathered round the entrance of the church to witness the departure of the naval and military officers, and the two surviving marshals of France—the venerable Canrobert and the still stalwart and erect MacMahon—received a popular ovation as they descended the steps together arm in arm.

Since Sunday last Paris has been richer by one statue. It is that of Theophraste Renaudot, the father of French journalism and the founder of the "Gazette," which was the first Paris newspaper. The Assistance Publique Department and the Mont de Piete, or Government Pawn Office, as well as several other institutions of civic philanthropy, were the offspring of his fertile brain. The Prime Minister, who presided at the unveiling of the statue, which faces the Palais de Justice, made a short speech, which was followed by addresses by Jules Claretie, the Director of the Comedie Francaise, and by the newly elected President of the Municipal Council of this city.

AT THE GRAVE OF PENN.

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS HOLD SERVICES IN THE JORDANS MEETING-HOUSE.

From The London Daily News of May 29.

Yesterday there was some small stir in the leafy lanes of Buckinghamshire, in the neighborhood of Chalfont St. Peter. It was the day of the annual service of the Society of Friends in the homely meeting-house at Jordans, by the side of the green God's acre, where the founder of Pennsylvania, his two wives and many of his family have lain in peace for part of two centuries. Too few Londoners know this secluded spot and its rich historical associations. But look at the names in the visitors' book at the old meeting-house. The word shrine sounds odd in association with the Friends, but you will see that Jordans has really become a shrine, to which pilgrimages are made from over the sea. Naturally, the pilgrims are most numerous from Pennsylvania, where it is said many of the old Buckinghamshire Quakers were left by William Penn. One of the recent entries in the book is that of Elizabeth Penington Baird, Philadelphia, who proudly adds to her autograph that she is "sixth in descent from Isaac and Mary Penington." Here in the green inclosure, bordered and shaded with flourishing lime trees, are the graves of Mary Penington and her husband Isaac. But one green mound separates Mary's grave from that of Penn's, and under that mound lies her daughter by a former marriage—Penn's first wife, the beautiful Gulielma Springett. Here come in rich literary associations, for this "Guli" Springett, daughter of one of Cromwell's captains, is said to have sung and played to John Milton in the cottage at the other Chalfont—Chalfont St. Giles—in the days when in retreat from the plague he peacefully went on with his great poem "Paradise Lost." Even if this were a bit of unfounded fancy, the fair Guli's memory connects itself with Milton's in another way, and through this burial ground, too, for here also lies Thomas Ellwood, who was tutor in the Penington family, and who was believed to be her admirer before Penn came and saw and conquered; and does any one need to be reminded of Thomas Ellwood's question to Milton, "Friend, thou hast written much of Paradise lost; what hast thou to say of Paradise found?" On this hint Milton wrote again and answered his friend with "Paradise Regained." Some who went to the Friends' meeting yesterday passed on their way the cottage where Milton spoke with Ellwood, and afterward made their pilgrimage to Ellwood's grave.

There are hundreds of Quakers' graves in this secluded corner of Buckinghamshire, which an American helps us to find by signposts and directions put up at his expense; but there are not a score of headstones, and these the plainest and the tiniest of tablets, not rising much higher than the mounds they mark. The demand for some indication of such graves as these has at length overborne the Quaker revolt against the vanity of headstones, but there is a studied severity in the concession. It seems that accuracy in the names and dates has not received an equal amount of study, and the Society of Friends is aware that there are one or two errors to correct.

It has been supposed that William Penn was married in the meeting-house adjoining the burial ground of the Friends, but this house was not erected till 1688, and Mr. Summers, the Congregational minister at Beaconsfield, who is making himself the modern authority on William Penn's Buckinghamshire history, has got at the truth about the marriage with Guli Springett. It was celebrated at Chorley Wood. The meeting-house is to-day pretty much what it was in 1688—a red-brick building, panelled within half-way up its walls with unpolished timber, then whitewashed to and over the ceiling. The ancient latches and hinges are all carefully preserved. Whatever the age of the windows, they are not modern. The small, diamond-shaped panes, framed in lead, give force to the apostolic metaphor as to seeing through a glass darkly; the lead frames are in a sense new, but they are of the original lead remelted and carefully restored. The building has now a high red-tiled roof. One end of it has now become the caretaker's house, which can be thrown open, and was thrown open yesterday, both upstairs and down, so as still to accommodate an overflowing congregation. It is curious to see the partitions drawn back, disclosing a part of the congregation sitting on the bedroom chairs, and even on the bed in the upper apartment. At one side the foundations of the building descend into a dell, and so room is found underneath the meeting-house for excellent stabling, in which the Friends put up their horses. It is a natural, but probably mistaken, fancy that it was in this dell that the Quakers of Penn's time worshipped, and that this accounts for the meetings at Jordans generally escaping the rude disturbance to which other gatherings of the kind were in these days subjected. Jim Russell's farm, afterward Vanderwall's, was really the meeting place before the house was built in 1688. A manuscript journal kept by one Rebecca Butterfield, who lived at the adjoining farm of Stone Dean, has recently been disclosed to Mr. Summers. The records it contains of funerals at Jordans fills up a hiatus in the documents of the Society of Friends, and gives evidence that William Penn's son John, formerly supposed to have been buried at Stoke Pogis, really lies at Jordans.

CANADA SENT A BOAT.

THE THIRD CHALLENGE FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP.

FAILURE OF THE SCHOONER YACHT COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN TO WIN THE BLUE RIBBON OF THE SEA—WORK OF THE MADELEINE.

Early in 1876, the Centennial year, the third challenge for the America's Cup since it had been won by the America was received. It was the first one to be received from a country other than England, coming from the Royal Canadian Yacht Club in behalf of Charles Gifford, vice-commodore of the club and part owner of the schooner yacht Countess of Dufferin. Although the New-York Yacht Club had been anticipating a challenge, one was not expected from Canada, as yacht building in that country had not advanced to the point where the Canadians would be justified in hoping to carry away the cup. It seems that P. McGiehan, a yacht designer of Pamrapo, had built for a Canadian yachtsman a sloop yacht named Cora. The Cora went to Canada and beat everything of her size there. Alexander Cuthbert, a Canadian designer of local

COUNTESS SETTING BALLOON JIB.

repute, built the sloop Annie Cuthbert, which beat the Cora. Now the Cora had been considered a wonderful boat in Canada, and the yachtsmen of the Dominion did not doubt for a minute that she represented the best efforts of American yacht designing. When the Annie Cuthbert beat her the Canadians concluded that they had in Alexander Cuthbert a designer who was to astonish the world, and visions of accomplishing what the mother country had been unable to achieve, and of wresting the cup from the possession of the Americans, at once began to fill the minds of the yachtsmen of the Dominion.

Captain Cuthbert went to work on the model of a schooner which, when completed, he declared to be the finest he ever made in his life, and a syndicate was formed to build her and send her hunting for the America's Cup. After some delay on account of lack of funds the yacht was built and named the Countess of Dufferin. When she had her trial trip in May the newspapers of the Dominion were enthusiastic over her, and declared her a marvel of speed and beauty.

Meantime the usual preliminary correspondence had been gone through with, the New-York Yacht Club cheerfully granting everything which Commodore Gifford asked regarding the terms of the race. The club named as its champion the schooner yacht Madeleine. July 10, 12 and 14 were selected as the dates of the races. These dates were subsequently changed by agreement to August 11, 12 and 14. After many delays the Canadian yacht finally arrived in New-York Harbor on July 18.

The descriptions of the two champions which were to compete for the cup were as follows: The Countess of Dufferin was 107 feet over all, 24 feet beam, and of a shallow type, drawing only 6 1-2 feet of water. Her mainmast was 65 feet and her main-topmast 30 feet long. She had a mainboom 55 feet long, and spread 4,000 yards of canvas. She looked exactly like an American yacht, and it was evident that in modelling her Captain Cuthbert had felt the influence of the American designs which he had seen on the lakes. The Countess of Dufferin is still in existence, and is now called the Countess. She belongs to the Countess Yacht Club, of Chicago.

The Madeleine was built as a sloop by David Kirby in 1868. She was altered in 1871, '73 and '75, until there was little of the original boat left and she was a fast schooner, 107 feet over all, 95 feet on the water-line, 24 feet beam and 8 feet draught. She was always a good boat whether as sloop or schooner, but it was not until her alterations in 1873 that she took rank in the first class of fast schooners. When the Countess of Dufferin came to meet her in 1876 the Madeleine had a long record of brilliant victories behind her and she crowned her career by her brilliant defence of the cup. In 1875 the Madeleine was purchased by John S. Dickerson, her present owner.

The first time that the Countess of Dufferin had a chance to show her speed against the American yachts was in a race which she sailed for the Brenton's Reef Cup, starting on July 26. The course was from Sandy Hook lightship around Brenton's Reef lightship and return. The schooners Idler, America, Wanderer, Tidal Wave and Countess of Dufferin started in this race. There was a fine whole-sail breeze blowing from south-southeast at the start and the Countess made a fairly good showing up to the turning of the Brenton's Reef lightship off Newport. She never had a chance of winning the race, however, and after the lightship was rounded she was practically out of the race and struggled no more. No one who saw her in this race believed that the cup was in danger.

Commodore Gifford had started out in the race with a full confidence that he would win, and even after his crushing defeat seemed to think that all he needed was a full set of "balloon" sails to beat the American yachts. The Canadians seemed to be singularly blind to the defects of their schooner, and even after the races for the cup had been sailed and the true position of the yacht as a racer settled beyond a shadow of doubt, Captain Cuthbert maintained that only a few alterations were necessary to make the Countess the fastest schooner of her size afloat.

There were few better judges of a yacht than Captain Roland Coffin and, in his "History of the America's Cup," he says of the Canadian yacht, "She was a fair model forward, but her counters were too heavy and her greatest beam was too far abaft her longitudinal centre. Then she was rough as compared with American yachts and meanly rigged and canvased. To add to these disadvantages may be added an inefficient crew."

The Countess of Dufferin having received a new foresail and a set of "balloons," she started against the Madeleine in her first race for the cup on August 11. The course was the old New-York Yacht Club course, with the start and finish off Stapleton, S. I. The Canadian yacht allowed the Madeleine one minute one second time, according to the time allowance of the New-York Yacht Club, then in vogue. This was the first race for the America's Cup where a single champion, named in advance as a representative yacht, had competed on each side. When the cup of the Royal Yacht Squadron was first won by the America, international yacht racing was in its incipiency. The conditions of a sport as far reaching and as important could not be struck out—as "Jo" Gargery struck out his father's epitaph—at one blow. It had to be a process of evolution and of the experiences which come with it before the yachting world could arrive at the point when it was sure that the best and fairest way for two nations to contend against each other for the sovereignty of the yachting seas was to choose champions, go out and do battle as warriors of old decided battles on the gage of single combat between the lines of watching armies.

At the first race between the Countess of Dufferin and the Madeleine there was a great outpouring of yachts and excursion steamers. The public did not understand the significance of the Brenton's Reef race, and there was more or less anxiety as to the outcome of the race, and there was a great curiosity to see the sailing of the much-vaunted Canadian champion. The tide was at the last quarter of the flood when the starting signal was given to the yachts at 11:05 a. m. The Canadian yacht had an opportunity to start first, as she was in a better position, a sloop having forced the Madeleine about, but she bore up before reaching the line, and the Madeleine went over first. There was not much difference between them at the start—less than a minute—but the Madeleine went over under good headway, and blanketed the Countess just before she did so. The wind drew up through the Narrows so that the yachts had work dead to windward to do before they got through between the bluffs, and were out in the broad waters of the Lower Bay. The Countess went to the west bank when the yachts had got through the Narrows, and the Madeleine went hunting for wind over in Gravesend Bay. Outside the wind was blowing a good sailing breeze from the south-southeast, and the water was smooth. The yachts worked their way down to the Southwest Spit, the Madeleine gaining all the time and opening a space between herself and the Countess of Dufferin. After the first search for wind and tides over in Gravesend Bay the Madeleine had come back to her antagonist and never after that did she go off looking for more favorable conditions, but kept in the same wind and water. The times of rounding the Southwest Spit buoy were as follows:

Madeleine	1:19:19
Countess of Dufferin	1:26:32

A strong ebb tide was now running, and the yachts made good time out by the point of the Hook. The Madeleine overstood the mark boat off the point of the Hook and lost about five minutes by so doing. The Countess crawled up on her, and through the American champion went for the lightship at a rattling pace with sheets free, her antagonist was not so far behind her when the outer mark was rounded.

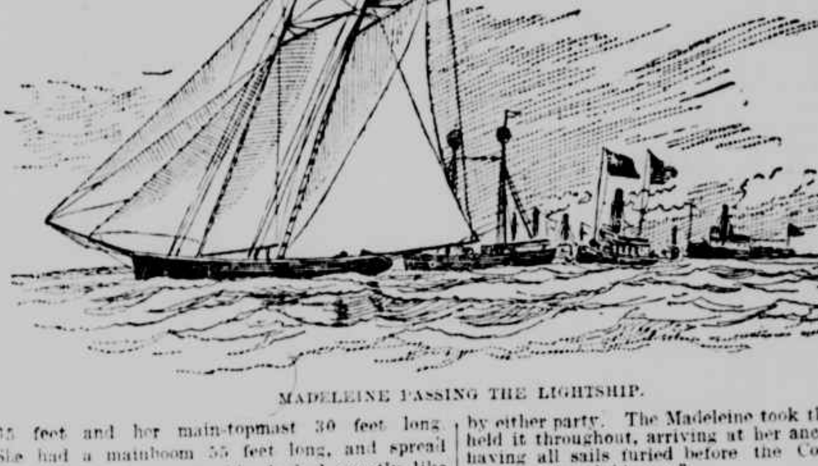
After rounding the lightship the Madeleine ran up her balloon jib-topsail and maintopmast staysail in forty-eight seconds. The Countess took fully three minutes to do the same thing. Then the Madeleine began to run away from the Countess, and, as if tired of "fooling," sped on by the Hook, passing into the main ship channel seven minutes ahead of the Canadian yacht. At the Southwest Spit on the return the time of the yachts was as follows:

Madeleine	3:57:29
Countess of Dufferin	4:06:48

The Madeleine then sprang up the Bay and arrived at the finish an easy winner. The gain made by the Madeleine in the run up from the Southwest Spit is not shown by the table, as the finish in those days was off Stapleton, and as soon as a yacht got inside the Narrows she naturally lost the wind and went slowly to the finish, while the boat outside was going fast with the full force of the breeze. The following is the table of the time of the race:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed time.	Corrected time.
Madeleine	11:16:31	4:41:23	5:24:55	5:23:54
Countess of Dufferin	11:17:05	4:51:59	5:34:53	5:34:53

The Tribune of August 12, 1876, said in its account of the race: "The yachts were at no time during the race close enough together to admit of any 'jockeying,' even if it were desired by either party. The Madeleine took the lead and held it throughout, arriving at her anchorage and having all sails furled before the Countess was opposite the clubhouse."



MADELEINE PASSING THE LIGHTSHIP.

The second and closing race of the series was over a course twenty miles to sea, from the point of the Hook and return. The course was to be twenty miles to windward and return, but the perverseness of the wind made it a reach out and a run back. In this race the America accompanied the yachts over the course, and proved that, as old as she was, she was a better boat than the Countess. It was shortly after noon when the yachts were started. The Madeleine went over first, followed in a few seconds by the Countess. The Countess would not sail so close to the wind as the Madeleine, and when her sailing master "pinched" her she dropped so far astern that he gave her a good fill, and finally got abeam of the Madeleine, but far and away to leeward. So when the two yachts came to round the outer mark the case of the Canadian champion was most hopeless. The wind was light and the sea smooth in this race, and the time was as follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed time.	Corrected time.
Madeleine	12:17:24	7:37:11	7:19:47	7:18:46
Countess of Dufferin	12:17:58	8:03:58	7:46:00	7:46:00

This settled the matter of the possession of the cup for that year, and the Countess of Dufferin was laid up in a basin at Staten Island. Then began financial complications and legal processes between her owners, and the next year she was sold at Sheriff's sale and taken over to South Brooklyn. From there she was taken to New-York waters. There were several claims against the yacht, and finally she was quietly taken away to Canada. The ambition of the Canadians had come to naught, and the yacht which had come for the great cup heralded with trumpets and the clanging of sounding brass went back in disgrace and defeat.

RUSSIAN CONVICT CANNIBALS.

From The London Daily News.

The "Vladivostock," published in the Russian Pacific settlement of that name, gives a terrible account of the treatment of Russian convicts on the Island of Onora. The investigation recently made into the charges of gross and barbarous cruelty preferred against a certain Khanoff chief labor overseer of the penal island has resulted in that official's suspension and arrest. This Khanoff, who was himself originally sent out as a deported convict, perpetrated such intolerable tortures upon the unfortunate convicts under his charge that twenty of them mutilated themselves in a dreadful manner in order to free themselves from the labor yoke of this official miscreant. A much larger number made their escape into the Taiga, where they suffered indescribable misery from hunger and sickness. A recaptured refugee from the Taiga had in his possession some pieces of human flesh, and his confession that the escaped prisoners murdered and ate the physically weaker of their companions has been confirmed by subsequent discoveries.

A NOTEWORTHY CARPET.

From The London Chronicle.

A curious history is attached to a carpet used recently in the production at the Prince of Wales's Theatre of the comic opera "Poor Jonathan." When the star of Napoleon III was at its zenith an Aubusson carpet of a magnificent description was ordered by General Fleury for the chateau at Compiegne, but when it was seen by the Emperor directions were given that it should be transferred to the Tuileries. In 1871, during the Commune, the carpet was appropriated, and with other artistic works dispatched to Austria. The carpet has since had several owners, but owing to its size has proved practically useless. To its present possessor it was recently sold for £150, believed to be about an eighth part of its original value. So much is thought of this carpet, which in "Poor Jonathan" will be laid down in the reception-room of the millionaire Vandergold by the manager of the Prince of Wales's, that he has had the dresses of the characters appearing in this scene made to harmonize with its colors. Such a circumstance is probably unique in theatrical annals.